MY MARRIAGE.

(Temple Bar.)

[Truth is sold to be stranger than flation, [Truth is sold to be stranger than ucuon, and amid the surroundings of every day hie many an ubasispecied romance is woven. The following lovestory, related of himself by M. Arsene Houseage in his recently justished confessions Sovening an Demission, affects he care supportunity of tooking on the yearthful heart of one who still lives a prominent figure in Parisian society.]

CHAPTER I. CHAPTER I.

FANNIE.

My day's work done, I often went to refresh myself with a stroll in the Garcers of the Luxembourg in compary with some of my literary friends. love these Gardons, which recall me, they were willing to sacrifice their every period from the Renaissance to cur own times.

in a plain black dress. She was light and graceful as beauty itself, her dark hair soft and wavy, her eyes of heaven's own blue, the expression ideala veritable type of Prud'hon.

See," said I to L Hote, " the image of my destiny passing." That woman in black !" he ex-

claimed. "Yes," I replied; "between us I feel an invisible bond, some fatal

charm. I wished to follow the young girl, but respect restained me; besides her grandmother was walking with her. "And yet," said I to my friend, "it is a real sorrow to me, having thus seen her, to feel I may never see her again." And we talked long of those chance meetings in which two souls

to tell. But my hostess said she could | ments which do not deceive. not allow it to be discontinued. "Well. then, to proceed," I said. But instead of proceeding with the story as it ranan episode of a journey with Gerard de Nerval-I introduced the meeting in Luxembourg Gardens with the young gul in black, keeping myself carefully

My ber ine, who seemed to have a was somewhat puzzled as I sketched a theory of souls predestined by an anterior life-of a love begun there, to be continued here, and to end in some ideal future heaven. To strengthen my theory, I spoke of one of my friends, who, on the point of marrying some one who leved him much, and whom he thought he much loved, had met at was dreaming of his fiancee, a young girl whom he had never before seen, yet whom he instantly seemed to or w better that ber with whom for so g he had spent every evening. My lostess broke with, "Your friend is a visionary. It he loved his fiancee winth heaven, he certainly did not deserve the happiness of simple mortals." She for whom my story was related sation.

said : " I am not romantic, but I am a fatalist; what is written is written. If it is ordained above that his flances is not to be his wife, neither the notary with his contract nor the mayor with his scarf can alter it." Her uncle laughed. "In faith," he

said, "my niece seems to read the tiful?"

tent to read hands; for what is writ- moment came the ladies' chain, and I ten above is written on our palms." give me your hand Madamoiselle ?

'Yes and no," she replied, laughturning towards her uncle, said . " You do not mind me having my fortune (ace?

Hat uncle, you might as well tell " But uncle, you might as well tell the noble, serious beauty of the me that I must walk without knowing Transteverines. Fannie had the face

where I am going."

"And when one starts who does brow " he said " whither his steps will

However, I still held the little hand. of which at a glance I had read every line. I had so completely lost myself in the geography of that unknown world that I was silent, as if I wished to keep my discoveries to myself.

Come, come," said my hostess, what is it you read in that palm?" And I had to read out the cabalistic signs of the hand that lay in mine. And when I had finished a pretty friend of the hostess declared that I was as one who translates Hebrew

without knowledge of the tongue. from giving me her hand, to know neighbor? whether a second spring would be hers; second spring, but the delights of a St. | are but birds of passage there." Martin's summer, she confessed that I

swered; "the young girl is the only cause I love you." one who remains blind. "Dr. Fee asked for his carriage, I

bent over my enchantress's hand, and they were gone. Taking the longest way home, I passed before the Luxembourg Gardens, as if I should again see that vision through the railings.
"Ah, it was but a vision," I said

CHAPTER II.

YVONNE. I often went with Jules Janin to a

very hospitable and charming house in the Rue du Four-Saint-Germain. There everything was patriarchal-the appearance of our hosts in keeping with the ancient furniture and the pictures on the walls : nothing was of to-day. The years of wife and husband between them reckoned more than a century and a half; but they loved youth, and once a week welcomed a crowd of young people, who were all very much at home. A gay dinner, a dance, private theatricals, all enjoyed with heart and soul. In such a house what could one do but fall in love? I was soon madly in love-even to the madness of marriage : which madness those around me called wisdom. I was caught by the most beautiful eyes in the worldlarge, soft, velvety dark eyes, set in one of those adorable faces of a Roman Madenna, who lives for one love and dies of it. Nothing in her of the French character; nothing of the Parisienne. It was Lulli who led us into this mischief. In those days I still played the violin, she played the piano-it was ten years before the advent of Gounod-and we wandered away into the forgotten world of old French music. I could not tell with what delight we strayed and searched through Armida and the other operas of that strange master, whom I still worship. In a word-was it Lulli, was it my violin or her piano, was it her twenty years or my twenty-five years?-

we adored one another. We could not live, she without hearing me, I without seeing ber.

thus. Our love, a secret to ourselves, was evident to everybody. The ques-tion was, "When is the marriage?" We were so happy in our dream that we feared to make it reality. But this could not last forever. The grand-father and the grandmother of Mile. Yvonne II. called me one evening into the little drawing-room, and said they were heart-broken at what was happening. They had never intended that their dear child should marry an artist, but had looked forward to bestowing her on a man of assured position; but since she had the misfortune to love

ambition and to grant me her hand. The hand, so white and mignonne. I the evening, walking with Edouard bad not asked for, but I simply an-I hote, there passed us a young girl swered, "With all my heart." At once everything was decided ; the marriage was fixed for Easter week. This would just give me time to see my father and mother, to introduce them to the family, and make ready a nest for ourselves. On this Mile. H. was called in. She bent down to kiss her grandmother, but I caught her in my arms; the grandfather was about to speak, but she put her hand on his

lips. "No." she said, "I understand all.

I am so happy."
We finished the evening with Lulli, Mozart, and Gluck-discreet friends these-Armida, Le Nozze de Figaro, Orpheus, we could continue our dreams without dread of any rough awakening from the harmony of that music. Very shortly after the betrothal dinner seem for so instant to meet, and by a was given, followed by a ball, to which, look to pledge themselves to each other slithough the intention had been to make it a family fete, a few invitations Germain. Imagine my surprise to see arrive the very same young girl, accompanied by her great-uncle, Dr. Fee, a celebrated botanist. With much emotion I rose and bowed, and wished not to go on with a story I had begun | mained anxious. There are presenti-

CHAPTER III. VUONNE AND FANNIE.

The guests began to arrive; the ball opened with a waltz, which I danced with Yvonne. The second quadrille was just beginning when the finger of destiny again showed itself. A young girl, supremely beautiful, entered the room, accompanied by her aunt, vague consciousness of our meeting, Madame de Sainte-Preuve, then very much the fashion. My fiancee, delighted to see these ladies, whom she knew but slightly, came to me to beg I would at once ask Mademoiselle Fannie's hand for the dance. I went straight to her. Imagine my surprise to discover in the young girl in white the young girl in black whom I had met in the Luxembourg Gardens. You the Tuileries, at the very moment he may remember that I exclaimed, "See my destiny passing!" The words re-turned to my mind, so that I found myself standing before her silent and moubled. When I recovered myself sufficiently to ask her to dance she accepted readily, and in a moment we were standing ris-a-ris to my fi incee he loved her; but if one glance from a and her partner. In society I occastranger could carry him into the se- sionally met Mme. de Sainte-Preuvenow the Baroness Molitor-and this fact was sufficient to start our conver-Women guess everything, Milo.

Fannie said to me almost at once : " It is you, Monsieur, who are going to marry Mile. H.?" "Do you think so?" I replied, half sceptically.

.. Whom else could you find so beau-

I was silent, thunderstruck; my 1." she cried, gayly-" I am con- heart rebelled within me. At this was recalled by Mile. Yvonne's hand. I said to myself, "this is not a romance."

. The face of your fiancee is my ingly; but she held out her band, and ideal," continued Mademoiselle Fannie. "Then you do not admire your own

**Certainly not, as you won't hear ene word of truth. * * And why? Because one must live without knowl
H.'s beauty was of the passive type, the passive ty Not at all." which has been immortalized by sculptors and painters-Jouffroy, Diaz, Lehmann, Vidal-the Greek type, and the Parisian character; an ideal profile; a spirituel expression; hair black, wavy, and rebellious. Large blue eyes lit up her face, and a charming smile played around lips rosy red as cherries. Watching her that evening, with the eyes of an artist and a poet, it was impossible not to regret my plighted word, found myself ceaselessly repeating, "My destiny

my destiny How was it that I found myself at supper seated between Yvonne and

Fannie? " Do you know," said Mademoiselle This, however, did not prevent her H., "that you have eyes only for your

"And do you not know that you and when I had promised not only a dwell in my heart? All other women "Oh, I am not jealous; for if it is

had conversed her-I had given her written above that you are not to marry me, vain would it be for me to "You know," I said, with a little try and keep you. But tell me frankly, pressure of acknowledgment, "that I do you not think Mademoiselle Fannie more beautiful than you think me?" You know well that to me you are Every one must see that," she an- the most beautiful of the beautiful, be-

> Yet in spite of this-whether by gallantry or attraction-I was irresistidrawn to the other side. Hardly did I turn to Mademoiselle H. but I wished to resume my talk with Fannie. The moment for adieux came. Made-

noiselle Fannie left, after shaking hands with Mademoiseele Yvonne. "A demain," I said to my fiancee. Her grandmother, standing near, whispered, with a smile :

" You may kiss her." Yvonne bent her bead. My lips but touched her forehead-an absent kiss, which rose not from the heart, which went not to the heart. It was as if the tie between us was

severed. That night I returned home profoundly saddened, and with the unpassed Rubicon before me, I arraigned myself before myself, making my conscience my judge; and that judge condemned me, and overwhelmed me with bitter reproaches at having too lightly possessed myself of this defenceless young heart.

> CHAPTER IV. THE LOST KISS.

Madame de Sainte-Preuve had re-roached me for not having called upon her. The next morning, as I was returning from a jeweller in the Palais Royal, my thoughts occupied by my wedding present, I saw her carriage in the Place du Carrousel. She stopped the coachman and beckoned to me. "What is the meaning of all this?" she said. "You are massacreing hearts.

My niece is mad about you."

"I don't believe a word of it." "It's the truth ; she talks of no one but you. Do be quick and marry Mademoiselle H., or I can answer for

These words troubled me more than can say. I was at once enraptured very bad bargain."

Madame de Sainte-Preuve had hardly min's door; but the breath of spring, which is a beautifinished saying these words when Major pethaps rather the memory of the I can say. I was at once enraptured and desolated.

destiny."

"Again destiny!" I cried. "Do you believe in that?" "Do I believe! See, your destiny and mine have just met; what will they do with us? I don't know; but be sure they are now hand in hand, even if it is to betray us. Be this as it may, hurry on your marriage."

Madame de Sainte-Preuve held out her hand and told the coachman to drive on. I went at once to call on

Yvonne's grandmother.

Although Yvonne had forbidden me to give her any diamonds, I wished to show her a pair of ear-rings I had chosen. As soon as I entered the room her grandmother said :

"Yvonne is not yet up." " Why ?" "Why! I do not know. What I do know is, that she has done nothing

but cry, and she is crying still."

"Will you allow me to see her with you?" "No: but I will ask har to get up. if only for a moment." Yvonne refused to get up; I there-fore begged her grandmother to take her the ear-rings, and with them this

little note : " I wish to see you to-day, to-morrow, for ever." "She replied by the one word. Never. I showed this to her grandmother,

who said: "This is childish; I will bring her to you." And Yvonne soon appeared, pale and trembling. I was about to kiss her as the evening before, but her hand kept me back. wished to kiss her hand, when I felt

the ear-rings drop into mine.
"I have come," she said, "to give you back these ear rings; you know I cannot accept them.'

Doubtless the sadness of my face touched her heart; for though she had intended to return to her room she sat

down by the fire. "Come, come, that's right," said the grandmother; "be happy since you are happy." And she left us to our-

Sad tete-a-tete! It was in vain we ought to reenter the paradise of our

love; the gate was closed. I left Mademoiselle H., promising to return in the evening and drink tea with her and her grandmother. Fannie's name was not once mentioned between us, but her image had with Yvonne, as with me, frozen our inter-

view. I was engaged that evening to a ball in the Rue de la Cerisale. I had made up my mind I would not go, but Destiny herself put on my white cravat for me. Well, hardly had I arrived when I saw Mademoiselle Fannie enter. The young men crowded around her. implering some a waltz, some a quadrille. I slone pretended not to see her. I could not look at her without seeing Mademoiselle H. Passing me presently, she said, "You know I have kept the first waltz for you." Another moment and should have fled; but how could I fly such witchery? I was

caught in a golden snare. I waltzed. When the hour of my appointment came I had forgotten Mademoiselle H. When I remembered her it was too late. I went down stairs, however, but among the carriages not a cab was to be found. It was raining a torrent. went back, saying, " Destiny has decided.

And indeed I did not see Mademoiselle H. again.

CHAPTER V. A DOUBLE ROMANCE.

Next day Yvonne refused to receive me. Her grandmother, who knew that I had spent the night at a ball at which me I was acting abominably. I tried to convince her that it was all the work of chance, and that I still held to my word. She replied that she preferred that her dear granddaughter should be unhappy for one day rather than un-

happy all her life. went away half-mad, thinking I had sacrificed all my happiness.

That evening a friend of the family brought me back the ear-rings and some

verses of mine in a sealed envelope. Speaking of the grief of Mademoiselle .. She has too much pride not to overcome ber heart. Hers is a noble na-

ture; but since you are on the road to marriage, I advise you to marry Mademoisable Fannie." "But there has never been a word

of love breathed between us."
"Oh, that is understood. Besides, no one will be able to fling a stone at you, for you are sacrificing a large fortune to a small fortune."

"I assure you that if ever I marry I shall not take that into account. For me the fortune in marriage is the woman.

"Onite right; and console yourself. Mademoiselle Fannie is as true a woman as Mademoiselle Yvonne." I spent that evening aimlessly wan-

dering about the quays; I sought but solitude. What could I do? Was I to force myself upon Mademoiselle H. and convince her that my heart and life were hers? or was I to allow myself to be swept away in the world's current and break my will, perhaps my heart? When midnight struck at the clock of the Institute I was crossing the Pont des Arts for the twentieth time, still irresolute, still possessed by those two images which held my heart. In vain I told myself that I could not | has had ten offers in that time." love two women at once ; I was taken, retaken, caught by one and the other.

I could not sleep. When morning came the ambassador of the evening before rang at my door. He told me he had gone beyond my instructions; that all was not yet broken off; that I must see Yvonne's grandmother again. Should I have gone? At noon a note was given me from Madame de Sainte-

Preuve, asking me to call on her. It was then only I understood that the living love was for Fannie. And indeed it was with a happy beating of the heart that I obeyed the summons. Madame de Sainte-Preuve went straight to the point.

Do you wish to marry my niece?" I answered "Yes," for it would have been impossible for me to say " No."

But-how about that marriage of "The door has been closed against me since yesterday."

"Then I am rescuing a shipwrecked man ?" "You are disposing of the heart of

your niece. Do you even know that she wishes to marry ?" "Yes; with you." "You amaze me!" "Your smazement is nothing to

mine. For the last six months she has daily refused suitors far more desirable than you-rich men, wise men, holy men! And after all this, she thinks she has found happiness in giving you her hand." And Madame de Sainte-Preuve continued : " As to Mademoiselle H., my niece consoles herself with the thought that she would have been very unhappy with you, or in other words, that she is relieving her of a

ful coquetre who will never love but bersell; she has too much success in the world to give a second thought to an ineignificant personage like me."

"Not so insignificant as all that. Besides, every woman must obey her

wen. "No; but is is not a valiget deed to marry me?" And the quick blood rere from her hears and crimsoned her cheeks. Our eyes met; with them we

exchanged our first kiss.

I had ended one remance to begin another, and the second seemed the more marvellous of the two. I had passed from an elegaic love to an allconquering passion-not to a sweeter love, but to one more overmastering, but not without many wounds; the face of Yvonne was ever before my eyes, sad and pale. I was not myself. I could not stay at home; I ran Paris over, not knowing whither I went ; but, without willing it, I always found myself where I hoped to meet Fannie. I was at the mercy of some irresistible force. Never have I so well understood farality; the more I rebelled the more

fell under its power. Many of my friends condemned me; they knew not how I condemned myself. Often I was on the point of flying both Fannie and Yvonne, but I had not the strength to kill my own heart. How was it that, without wishing it, almost without knowing it, I had troubled the lives of two young, charming women, immeasurably above me in goodness, heart, and sentiment? What had so blinded them-for I had hoped for nothing?

CHAPTER VI.

THE PORTRAIT. However, I had reckoned without my father. A few days later I arrived at Bruyeres escorted by the brightest hopes. At the word marriage my father frowned.

"You are no more fit to be a husband than to be a cardinal. Never will consent to that act of folly." "But, father, you married; and

very grateful I am to you." "I knew that I could keep a wife."
"Oh, reassure yourself; mine will not die of hunger.

"Is she rich?" "No, but she is beautiful. Did you not marry a woman without a pennyyou were so well off? And I have always thought you right. I was touched by your doing so."
But my father was not touched in the

"I am delighted," he said, that I have one good point in your "Father, I beg of you not to mock me. I adore this young girl whom I

wish to marry." "And I mean to prevent you marrying a girl without a dot. If you want so much to marry I have plenty of wives at hand for you. Besides, why did you last year refuse the hand of the minister's niece?

"Because I did not love the minister's piece." "So much the worse for you-so

much the better, perhaps, for her."

"Father, for pity sake let me be happy."
"No; I will not give my consent." The word "consent" meant simply "I refuse you a dot." I begged my

mother to intercede for me, but she did so only in a half-hearted way, believing it was a fresh act of folly on my part. To hide my grief I locked myself into my own room. I thought o marrying without my father's consent, but to this Fannie's family would never have agreed. After a terrible struggle I regained

my self-control. I was not one to be beaten with victory within my grasp. I wrote off to Emile Wattier to paint me quickly a water-color portrait of Mademoiselle Fannie. He sent me a little chef d'aurre; beauty illumi-nated by the soul. Without a word I nated by the soul. hung the picture where my father could

.. Who's that?" he asked me later in You know very well," I answered.

" Marry her !" he said. CHAPTER VII. THE LAST CLOUD. Over every human joy a shadow

passes. I could not banish Yvonne's saddened face. Assuredly I had no regret that Fannie had entered into my for henceforth my heart was hers. She was my real wife, but I could not forgive myself for having so much as placed a fold in the rose-leaves under the feet of Mademoiselle H. I tried to console myself with the thought that no one is master of his will; in the whole history the invisible hand of fate was evident.

But the battle was not yet won ! hastened back to Paris, and sought Madame de Sainte-Preuve with a victori-

· Halt, there ! " she said, " the marriage is off." Although she spoke with a smile, the words stabbed me to the beart. "What do you mean?"

"Men cher ami, while your father was reflecting on his side we were reflecting on ours, for we could not wait until the next century for your family to make up their minds; and we fee that to marry a literary man-well, if not beggary, it is next door to it. My mother put in her word against it, my

"And Mademoiselle Fannie; what does she say ?" " She shed a tear, but not two. You

ought to have carried the place by storm. Remember you have been ten days absent-ten centuries. My niece

"That I quite believe. And you wish me to understand that she has resigned herself to accept one of these I tried to laugh, but I did not feel like laughing; through me ran a shiver. I saw my happiness crumbling, and myself buried in its ruins. I could hardly stammer out :

" And is this irrevocable?" " Nothing is irrevocable; but I must tell you that General du Rocheret, her godfather, last night at the opera presented to Fannie a handsome friend of the Duc de Nemours.' As Fannie was a soldier's daughter

I looked on all as lost."

"May I be permitted, Madame, to see Mademoiselle Fannie?" "Well, that I will tell you to-mor-

row." " And I had come to beg you to give me some dinner." "Just how things happen, I am not dining at home to-night." I turned on my heel.

"Adieu! Madame." " Au revoir, Monsieur ; are you going on to Mademoiselle Yvonne?' Another word and I should have flown at her throat, so carrrid away by rage was I. She had torn me from Yvonne, and now sought to tear Pan-

nie from my heart. I went out with-

out saying one word more.

I returned home to be alone with my sorrow. What was there left for me to " Fannie! Fannie! Fannie! had you, then, no heart? Were you but a smile? Ah!" I exclaimed, "Yvonne is already avenged! It was to be so. I went out, not caring where. I

statue of themence Isaure, whon I met Farnie walking slowly, sadly, leaning on the arm of her grandmother. I went straight to her. I bowed to the old lady, and I held out my hand to the fickle one. She gave me hers with all her accustomed grace.

"I thought," she said, "I was never to see you sgain." "And you lost no time in building between us the Great Wall of Chins." "And very naturally Monsieur; I could not wait your good pleasure for-

ever." "Then everything is really ended? You are going to marry a fire-eating

colonel?" The pallor of my face must have pleaded for me. Fannie also grew pale. She turned towards her grandmother, who said to me frankly:
"You ask for her hand. Have you

not just taken it?" I seized Fannie's hand again. "God be praised!" I exclaimed, wiping away my two last tears. CHAPTER VIII.

THE WEDDING-RING. Three weeks later, beaming with

oy, I entered the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas. Madame de Sainte-Preuve was on my arm. We followed my father, on whose arm leaned Mademoiselle Fannie. Can you believe it? The first figure that my eyes fell on was Mademoiselle Yvonne, who had regained her stately beauty, although her cheeks still remained a little pale. This gave a blow to my heart. Madame de Sainte-Preuve was handing me the wedding-ring, saying there had not been time to have our married initials engraved on it. This wedding-ring I let drop and vainly searched for. Great consternation! Several friends tried to help me in finding it. I implored one of them-it was Gerard de Nerval-to run to the nearest jeweller's and buy another. Gerard had already started when Mademoiselle Yvonne (who had found the lost ring) restored it to Madame de Sainte-Preuve. All now went rightly, and when Gerard quickly returned with the ring he had purchased I had two rings for the ceremony, which caused my wife to say, whenever one of those rare clouds came between us, "Thou must have made a mistake in the ring."

The two rings were exactly like each other; neither I nor Gerard himself could ever tell which was the original; and so struck was he by the circumstance that he commenced a romance, to which he gave the title of "The

Magic Ring."
Perhaps in this romance the ring which Mademoiselle Yvonne restored was destined to be one day placed upon her firger. Such was not the case, for although the levely Fannie, after ten years of happy married life, died, leaving M. Houseaye to console himself later with another bride, that bride was not Mademoiselle Yvonne. Probably the lady remained unmarried, for, to quote the end of his story, M. Houssaye says : "It is not long since that, at a wedding, I found myself in the company of Mademoiselle Yvonne. An old friend, who knew the circumstances, said as we went into the sacristy, 'Do you not see there some one whom you sught to have married when you were young? ' ''

I closed my eyes. A little later the same lady said the same thing to my fiances of former days. But she would not look at me. thing in iron bedsteads to be sold in the public market. Had she, too, the fear of destroying past illusions? As for myself, I have a borror of brutal realities. I wish to IS Friday an Unlucky Day? keep fresh in my memory that beautiful image of twenty years, which an overwhelming adoration had dimmed but had never been able to efface from my soul.

A Modern Figureial Venture.

He was a wise youth, although not very old. One day his father brought him home a little bank to keep his savings in. 'Now," Willie, he said, we'll start

a bank. " I choose to be cashier," interrupted the boy. "Very well, you can be the cashier, and I will be the board of directors.

tors. Now, I'll put these five new " I'll put in my seven pennies and a two-cent piece," he responded. His mother dropped in a couple of dimes and each of his sisters a nickel. During the next two weeks numerous deposits were made, and all ran smoothly. Then one morning pater familias found himself short of change, and abstracted a dime from the bank for carfare. But the eagle eye of the young

cashier detected the shortage, and he promptly took what was left. The next morning the young financier's father, wishing to instill a little more business-knowledge into his head,

" Now, Willie, suppose one of the depositors wished to draw out some money; what would you do? The boy simply pointed to the bank, on which was the following placard:

PAYMENT SUSPENDED.

"Why, Willie, what does this mean?" inquired the father. Directors overdrew their accounts,

so the cashier skipped out with the rest," was the laconic response. "You don't mean that you have taken the money that was in there, do you?" in a tone of painful surprise.

"But don't you know that that is not honest?" "Huh!" exclaimed the boy scornfully; "did you ever hear of a cashier letting the directors get ahead of him?

begin fooling with the finances the

cashier 'guts' the bank every time." "My boy," said the father, admiringly, " some day you will be a great financier; but first you have a few thirgs to learn. Never wait for the depositors to prosecute. Now come with me to the wood-shed." "Father," replied the youth persua-

sively, "can't we compromise this matter in some way? If you won't prosecute I'll see that the bank resumes payment, and won't say anything about the directors drawing out money on the It was compromised on that basis.

Podestad's Deathbed Wedding.

(Washington Post.)

A week ago last Saturday a strange scene was enacted in one of the ele-gantly-appointed chambers of No. 1340 First street, Northwest. Itwas a wedding, but the strange part of it was I was cruel to her, Fannie is cruel to me. Alas! where shall I ever meet again two such women?"

that the bridegroom, too feeble to rise, lay in his bed, dying of consumption, while a Catholic priest tied the marital knot, so soon to be severed by death. Senor Don Luis de Podestad y Pinheiro has for the last year been the third secretary of the Spanish Legation

first meeting, irresistibly drew me across to the Luxembourg Gardens. Besides, I wanted movement—to escape from myself—to forget; but do what I would, my two loves flew by my side.

And now, say again there are no predestined meetings! I was passing the Luis came to this city to assume his new duties he met and became ac-quainted with Miss Wright, the daugh-ter of the late Hamilton Wright, a well-known cit zen.

Miss Wright is a beautiful, laughing brunette. She is of medium height and is possessed of a sp'endid form. Her vivacious disposition, beauty, and grace captivated the heart of Don Luis, and acquaintance soon ripened into love, which became mutual.

But their happiness was destined to be short-lived. A month or two ago the seeds of consumption, which had been sown in the young man, began to assert themselves. He was prostrated on the bed from whence he was never to rise alive. During all his illness his devoted fiances watched at his bedside with the tenderness and solicitude of a wife. But the dread disease had too firm a hold, and all hope was given up by the physician two weeks ago.

It was very hard for the young man, only in his twenty-eighth year, to die, when he had such bright prospects before him, but when he learned there was no hope for him he informed his fiancee. Miss Wright, and as a last wish asked her to marry him even on his deathbed, so that she might at least bear his name. The ceremony was performed and then Don Luis sank more rapidly, until on Tuesday last he died.

The Arab Soldier.

The Arab looks very well on horseback, though he might not altogether suit the taste of the shires. His saddle is generally red, peaked before and behind, and placed upon several colored felt saddle-cloths; the stirrup broadens out so as to give a wide space for the foot to rest on; it is pointed at the corners, thereby enabling the rider to tear the horse's ribs even without the aid of a pointed stick or a steel spearlike spur which he often pushes in between his slipper and the stirrup side. The Arab soldier, with his white burnous fluttering behind him. his high red saddle and saddle-cloths, his knees high and body bent forward, with his long silver-mounted gun flourishing in the air, looks, as he gallops forward in a cloud of dust, the very embodiment of the picturesque, exultant war spirit of past ages, not sobered down by scientific formulas for murder, but free to carry out his own bloodthirsty purposes with as much swagger and ostentation as possible. As a horseman, I believe the Arab to have an excellent sent but an execrable hand; he loves to keep his beast's head high in the air. and so he ceaselessly joggles at the bit, upon which he always rides, until one wonders how the wretched brute can but his feet safely down; yet he does somehow. No one rides camels in this country, but the Sultan is said to have ome very fleet dromedaries capable of doing marvellous journeys, and, of course, in those parts of Morocco which merge into the Sahara the camel is indispensable. The Barbary donkey is a short-legged, long-suffering, indispensable beast. It is easy to comprebend the ass existing without Tangier. but it is impossible to conceive Tangier existing without the ass; his patient little body bears every possible bur-den, from the foreign minister's wife, for example, who sits upon the pack with great dignity, and, preceded by her Mocrish soldier, pays calls upon other ministers' wives, to the latest

Do you believe it? Many do

Most people are affected in some legree by the common superstition. Few like to commence a long journey by land or water on that day. Some refuse to enter upon a new undertaking on Friday. Shopping and local traffic on railroads in large cities is less on Friday than any other day of the week. If there were Then you and your two sisters and anything beyond superstition in your mother and I will be the deposithis what an unlucky year 1886 nickels in to start with. What will would be. Have you read about it? It came in on Friday. Will go out on Friday, and there are fifty-three Fridays in 1886. April ends and October begins on Friday. Five months, January, April, July, October and December each have five Fridays, and as a forerunner of this singular series Christmas of 188; occurred on Friday. Make a note of this, and in order to be prepared for trouble get a bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, the best blood purifying and strengthening medicine made. It is skilfully prepared from the best ingredients. Is so combined with iron without the use of whiskey that it is a pure temperance medicine. It will neither injure or discolor the teeth, or cause headache or constipation. All other iron medicines will. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS relieves headache and cures constipation. Do you know the torturese of dyspepsia? Are you suffering from indigestion? Is your appetite gone? Do you feel tired, weak, restless? Are your nerves prostrated? Do you suffer from eneral debility? Brown's Iron BITTERS is the remedy you need. It removes heartburn, belching Well, I guess not. You bet I know a lt removes heartburn, belching little business. When the directors and dyspepsia. It promotes digestion. It stimulates the appe-tite. Aids in the assimilation of food. Strengthens the nerves and muscles. Removes the tired feeling, that feeling of languor and lassitude. Brown's Iron BITTERS purifies and enriches the blood, clears the complexion and make the skin smooth. It cures

biliousness, and relieves the tor-

tures of rheumatism and neural-

gia. It acts directly on the

stomach, liver and kidneys

through the blood. It is so ef-

fective that it frequently requires

but a single bottle to cure dis-

orders of these organs. All

these troubles are cured by

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Sold

everywhere and every day.

There are imitations. Don't be

deceived. Genuine has trade

mark and crossed red lines on the

wrapper. Price only one dollar

per bottle. Made only by Brown

Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER

Cures All Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores.

A PERFECT SPRING MEDICINE.

SUPERB FLESH-PRODUCER AND TONIC. HEAR THE WITNESSES!

TEN TO TWENTY POUNDS.

A Man of Sixty-Eight Winters. I am sixty-eight years of age, and regard GUINN'S PIONEER a fine tonic for the eeble. By its use my strength has been restored and my weight increased ten pounds,
A. F. G. CAMPBELL, Cotton-Gin Maker, MACON, GA., February 18, 1886.

A Crippled Confederate Says:

I only weighed 128 pounds when I commenced GUINN'S PIONEER, and now weigh 147 pounds. I could hardly walk with a stick to support me, and can now walk long distances without help. Its benefit to me is beyond calculation.

D. RUFUS BOSTICK, Cotton-Buyer, Macon, Ga.

Mr. A. H. Bramblett, Hardware Merchant of Porsyth, Ga., Write It acted like a charm on my general health. I consider it a fine tonic. I weigh nore than I have for twenty-five years. Respectfully, A. H. BRAMBLETT.

My wife has regained her strength and increased ten pounds in weight. We ecommend GUINN'S PIONEER as the best tonic.

Dr. G. W. Delbridge, of Atlanta. Ga., Writes of Gninn's Pioneer: GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER has been used for years with unprecent tented success. It is entirely vegetable and does the system no harm. It improves the appetite, digestion, and blood-making, stimulating, invigorating, and toning up all the functions and tissues of the system, and thus becomes the great blood-renewed Br. Moore Often Prescribes It With Satisfactory Results.

Macon Medicine Company: I take pleasure in giving my opinion in regard to the BLOOD PURIFIER prepared by you. I have prescribed it often in obstinate skin diseases, especially of Syphilitic origin, and can say that its use has proved entirely JOHN L. MOORE, M. D., Griffin, Ga. Wonderful Cures of Blood and Skin Disease

Macon Medicine Company: You sak me what I think of GUINN'S PIONERS BLOOD RENEWER as a Blood Medicine. I will state that I have seen some very wonderful cures from the effects of it in skin diseases and blood diseases. It is with out a doubt the REST BLOOD MEDICINE before the country. JAMES A. ROSE, Williamsville, Pike county.

A FINE FLORIDA TONIC!

Mr. Foster S. Chapman,

one of the landmarks of the Georgia drug trade, now of Orlando, Fis., writes:

"I can hardly select a single case
of the many to whom I have sold
GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD-RENEWER but who have been satisfied and I find it the best remedy for
Hkin-Diseases I have ever sold, and
a fine Florida Tonic.

"FOSTER S, CHAPMAN.
"Orlando, Fis."

A Certain Cure for Catarrh! A SUPERB FLESH-PRODUCER AND TONIC! Guinn's Pioneer Blood Renewer

cures all Blood and Skin Diseases, Kheumatism, Scrofula, Old Bores. A perfect Spring Medicine. If not in your market, it will be forwarded on receipt of price. Small Bettles, \$1; large, \$1.75. Essay on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SCAT!SCIATICA! Mr. A. T. LYON, the best-known photographer in the three States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Fiorida, says: "I have suffered EXCRUCIATING PAINS from SCIATIO RHEUMATISM. Stepping on uneven surfaces of a sidewalk would give me perfect agony. Various remedies have been tried, but with no effect, until I commenced the use of GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER which has relieved me of the least semblance of pain, and given me the entire use of my limbs. I conscientiously recommend it to the public.

A. T. LYON, No. 128 Cherry street, Macon, Ga.

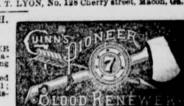
A CERTAIN CURE FOR CATARRH.

A SUPERS FLESH-PRODUCES AND TONIC.

GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER bries all Blood and Skin Diseases. Kneumasm, Sciofula, Old Sores. A perfect Spring fedicipe. Medicine.

If not in your market, it will be forwarded on receipt of price. Small bottles. \$1; large, \$1.75. Essay on Blood and Skin Discusses mailed free.

MACON MEDICINE COMPANY.



PRICE PER BOTTLE \$1; LARGE SIZE. \$1.75: ESSAY ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES MAILED FREE.

MACON MEDICINE COMPANY, Macon, Ga. At wholesale by Powers, Taylor & Co., Owens & Minor, and Bodeker Brothesa

At wholesale by Powers, Taylor & Co., Owens & Minor, and Bobeler B.

Richmond, Va.

At retail by T. Roberts Baker, \$19 Main street; Pole Miller & Co., \$00 Main

Street; G. W. Tuener, Main and Twenty-second streets; George W. Latimer, \$00

west Marshall; E. P. Reeve, \$02 east Marshall; Dr. J. F. Chang corner Williamsburg

avenue and Louisiana street.

mh 5-codly

IMPROVING JAMES RIVER, VIR-PROPOSALS FOR DREDGING. UNITED STATES ENGINEER, OFFICE, 378 St. PAUL STREET, HALTIMORE, MD., October 28, 1886. Hautimore, Mp., October 28, 1886.)
Proposals for dredging material from the channel in the James river, Virginia, at Ringsland Reach, will be received until November 18, 1886, and opened immediately thereafter. Blank forms, specifications and information can be had on application to this office, as well as at the inited States Engineer Office, 905% Main street, Richmond, Va. P. CRAIGHILL, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, U.S. A. [OC 30-61]

PROPOSALS

DROPOSALS FOR BUILDING EN-

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,)
FORT MONROE, VA., October 1, 1886.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, subet to meal conditions, will be received by BEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, subject to usual conditions, will be received at this office UNTIL 12 O'CLOCK M. ON MONDAY, November 1, 1886, at which time and place they will be opened in presence of attending bidders, for CONSTRUCTING AN ENGINE-HOUSE at Fort Monroe, vs. The Government reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

Hanks, Plans, and Specifications, and full information as to the manner of bidding, etc., can be obtained at this office.

Envelopes containing proposals must be marked. Proposals for Building Engine-House at Fort Monroe, Va.," and addressed to the undersigned.

CHARLES A. BOOTH.

Captain and Assistant Quartermaster United States Army.

oc 8.9,10.12.30&31

INSURANCE AGENTS.



THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE-INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

ANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

In addition to its United States assets the unlimited resources of the Society, together with the individual responsibility of its wealthy shareholders, is of such immense proportions as to entitle it to the fullest trust and confidence. In London it does the leading business. To those who seek reliable indemnity it commends itself.

GEORGE D. PLEASANTS & SON.

1104x Main street, Agents.

Telephone 114.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c. CAPITOL MARBLE-WORKS. J. H. BROWN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

203 AND 205 GRACE STREET.

Please take notice that we are prepared to do all kinds of MARSLE and GRANTE WORK at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. Give us a trial.

MONUMENTS, be ADSTONES, and RUSTIC WORK a specialty.

JORRING NEATLY DONE and with promptoess. promptness.

Designs sent free on application.

Cemetery work securely box;
shipped to all parts of the country.

Barpets,
Decorative
PaperHangings,
Upholstery
Scods.

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES PEFORE

YOU BUY.

GEORGE W. ANDERSON & SONS.

R. P. RICHARDSON & CO.'S Carpet Warerooms,

809 east Main street---Pace Block

Our assortment this season of CARPET-INGS. RUGS. MATS, CURTAINS, OIL-CLOTHS, LINOLEUM, LIGNITECT, &c., to omplete. Buyers are invited to examine the latest

styles in all the above goods, with the act-

ance that they will be offered for mie at very reasonable prices for regular, well-R. P. Richardson & Co.

[se 19-Su, W&F2m] ARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS. Of have just received my fall stock of goods, CARPETS of all grades; DRUGGETS, RUGS, and MATS; OIL-CLOTES of all widths; LACE and DAMASK CURTAINS; SHADES and HOLLANDS; PAPER HANGINGS of all styles, which I am offering at low prices.

A. JENNINGS, No. 1311 Main street, Richmond, Va. WATCHES, JEWELRY, 4c. WATCHES THAT GIVE NO TROUBLE.—Newest styles for tadies, with all improvements. New Store, 111 east Broad street.

D. BUCHANAR.

flering at low prices.

DIAMONDS IN ALL THE NEW-D. BUCHANAN, 111 cast Broad street. and

BRIDAL, BIRTHDAY, AND COM D PLIMENTAY PRESENTS IN Solid Go and Silver. D. BUCHANAR.